NUMB. DXXXII.

# The SPECTATOR.

*——— Fungor vice cotis, acutum*
*Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi.* Hor.

*Monday, November* 10. 1712.

IT is a very honeſt Action to be ſtudious to produce other Men's Merit; and I make no Scruple of ſaying I have as much of this Temper as any Man in the World. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any Man may be Maſter of who will take Pains enough for it. Much Obſervation of the Unworthineſs in being pained at the Excellence of another, will bring you to a Scorn of your ſelf for that Unwillingneſs: And when you have got ſo far, you will find it a greater Pleaſure than you ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the Fame and Welfare of the Praiſe-worthy. I do not ſpeak this as pretending to be a mortified ſelf-denying Man, but as one who has turned his Ambition into a right Channel. I claim to my ſelf the Merit of having extorted excellent Productions from a Perſon of the greateſt Abilities, who would not have let them appeared by any other Means; to have animated a few young Gentlemen into worthy Purſuits, who will be a Glory to our Age; and at all Times, and by all poſſible Means in my Power, undermined the Intereſts of Ignorance, Vice, and Folly, and attempted to ſubſtitute in their Stead Learning, Piety, and good Senſe. It is from this honeſt Heart that I find my ſelf honoured as a Gentleman-Uſher to the Arts and Sciences. Mr. *Tickell* and Mr. *Pope* have, it ſeems, this Idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent Paper of Verſes in Praiſe, forſooth, of my ſelf; and the other incloſed for my Peruſal an admirable Poem, which, I hope, will ſhortly ſee the Light. In the mean Time I cannot ſuppreſs any Thought of his, but inſert his Sentiment about the dying Words of *Adrian*. I won't determine in the Caſe he mentions; but have thus much to ſay in favour of his Argument, That many of his own Works which I have ſeen, convince me that very pretty and very ſublime Sentiments may be lodged in the ſame Boſom without Diminution to its Greatneſs.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was the other Day in Company with five or 'ſix Men of ſome Learning; where chancing 'to mention the famous Verſes which the Emperor '*Adrian* ſpoke on his Death-bed, they were all a-'greed that 'twas a Piece of Gayety unworthy 'that Prince in thoſe Circumſtances. I could not 'but diſſent from this Opinion: Methinks it was 'by no Means a gay, but a very ſerious Soliloquy 'to his Soul at the Point of his Departure; in 'which Senſe I naturally took the Verſes at my 'firſt reading them when I was very young, and 'before I knew what Interpretation the World 'generally put upon them.

*Animula vagula, blandula,*
*Hoſpes Comeſque corporis,*
*Quæ nunc abibis in loca?*
*Pallidula, rigida, nudula,*
*Nec (ut ſoles) dabis Joca!*

'*Alas, my Soul! thou pleaſing Companion of this Body,* '*thou fleeting Thing that art now deſerting it! whither* 'art thou flying? to what unknown Region? Thou art 'all trembling, fearful, and penſive. Now what is be-'come of thy former Wit and Humour? thou ſhalt jeſt 'and be gay no more! I confeſs I cannot apprehend 'where lies the Trifling in all this; 'tis the moſt 'natural and obvious Reflection imaginable to a 'dying Man; and if we conſider the Emperor was 'a Heathen, that Doubt concerning the future Fate 'of his Soul will ſeem ſo far from being the Effect 'of want of Thought, that 'twas ſcarce reaſonable 'he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to mention that 'here is a plain Confeſſion included of his Belief 'in its Immortality. The diminutive Epithets of '*Vagula*, *Blandula*, and the reſt, appear not to me 'as Expreſſions of Levity, but rather of Endear-'ment and Concern; ſuch as we find in *Catullus*, 'and the Authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, 'where they are uſed to expreſs the utmoſt Love 'and Tenderneſs for their Miſtreſſes——— If you 'think me right in my Notion of the laſt Words 'of *Adrian*, be pleaſed to inſert this in the *Spec-'tator*; if not, to ſuppreſs it.

*I am, &c.*



To

## To the ſuppoſed Author of the *Spectator*.

*IN Courts licentious, and a ſhameleſs Stage,*
*How long the War ſhall Wit with Virtue wage:*
*Enchanted by this proſtituted Fair,*
*Our Youth run headlong in the fatal Snare;*
*In height of Rapture claſp unheeded Pains,*
*And ſuck Pollution through their tingling Veins.*

*Thy ſpotleſs Thoughts unſhock'd the Prieſt may hear,*
*And the pure Veſtal in her Boſom wear.*
*To conſcious Bluſhes, and diminiſh'd Pride,*
*Thy Glaſs betrays what treach'rous Love would hide;*
*Nor harſh thy Precepts, but infus'd by Stealth,*
*Pleaſe while they cure, and cheat us into Health.*
*Thy Works in* Chloe's *Toilet gain a Part,*
*And with his Tailor ſhare the Fopling's Heart:*
*Laſh'd in thy Satyr, the penurious Cit*
*Laughs at himſelf, and finds no Harm in Wit:*
*From Felon-Gameſters the raw Squire is free,*
*And* Britain *owes her reſcued Oaks to thee.*
*His Miſs the frolick Viſcount dreads to toaſt,*
*Or his third Cure the ſhallow Templar boaſt;*
*And the raſh Fool, who ſcorn'd the beaten Road,*
*Dares quake at Thunder, and confeſs his God.*

*The brainleſs Stripling, who, expell'd to Town,*
*Damn'd the ſtiff College and pedantick Gown,*
*Aw'd by thy Name, is dumb, and thrice a Week*
*Spells uncouth* Latin, *and pretends to* Greek.
*A ſauntring Tribe ſuch born to wide Eſtates,*
*With Yea and No in Senates hold Debates:*
*At length deſpis'd, each to his Fields retires,*
*Firſt with the Dogs, and King amidſt the Squires;*
*From Pert to Stupid ſinks ſupinely down,*
*In Youth a Coxcomb, and in Age a Clown.*

*Such Readers ſcorn'd, thou wing'ſt thy daring Flight*
*Above the Stars, and tread'ſt the Fields of Light;*
*Fame, Heav'n, and Hell, are thy exalted Theme,*
*And Viſions ſuch as* Jove *himſelf might dream;*
*Man ſunk to Slav'ry, tho' to Glory born,*
*Heav'n's Pride when upright, and deprav'd his Scorn.*

*Such Hints alone could* Britiſh Virgil *lend,*
*And Thou alone deſerve from ſuch a Friend:*
*A Debt, ſo borrow'd, is illuſtrious Shame,*
*And Fame when ſhar'd with him is double Fame.*
*So flush'd with Sweets, by Beauty's Queen beſtow'd,*
*With more than mortal Charms Æneas glow'd.*
*Such gen'rous Strifes* Eugene *and* Marlbro' *try,*
*And as in Glory, ſo in Friendſhip vie.*

*Permit theſe Lines by Thee to live---- nor blame*
*A Muſe that pants and languiſhes for Fame;*
*That fears to ſink when humbler Themes ſhe ſings,*
*Loſt in the Maſs of mean forgotten Things.*
*Receiv'd by Thee, I propheſy, my Rhymes*
*The Praiſe of Virgins in ſucceeding Times;*
*Mix'd with thy Works, their Life no Bounds ſhall ſee,*
*But ſtand protected, as inſpir'd by Thee.*

*So ſome weak Shoot, which elſe would poorly riſe,*
*Jove's Tree adopts, and lifts him to the Skies;*
*Through the new Pupil ſoft'ring Juices flow,*
*Thruſt forth the Gems, and give the Flow'rs to blow*
*Aloft; immortal reigns the Plant unknown,*
*With borrow'd Life, and Vigour not his own.*

## *To the* SPECTATOR-GENERAL,

*Mr.* John Sly *humbly ſheweth,*

'THAT upon reading the Deputation given to 'the ſaid Mr. *John Sly*, all Perſons paſſing 'by his Obſervatory behaved themſelves with the 'ſame Decorum, as if your Honour your ſelf had 'been preſent.

'That your ſaid Officer is preparing, according 'to your Honour's ſecret Inſtructions, Hats for the 'ſeveral kind of Heads that make Figures in the 'Realms of *Great-Britain*, with Cocks ſignificant 'of their Powers and Faculties.

'That your ſaid Officer has taken due Notice of 'your Inſtructions and Admonitions concerning the 'Internals of the Head from the outward Form of 'the ſame. His Hats for Men of the Faculties of 'Law and Phyſick do but juſt turn up, to give a 'little Life to their Sagacity; his Military Hats 'glare full in the Face; and he has prepared a fa-'miliar eaſy Cock for all good Companions be-'tween the above-mention'd Extreams. For this 'End he has conſulted the moſt Learned of his 'Acquaintance for the true Form and Dimenſions 'of the *Lepidum Caput*, and made a Hat fit for it.

'Your ſaid Officer does further repreſent, That 'the young Divines about Town are many of them 'got into the Cock Military, and deſires your In-'ſtructions therein.

'That the Town has been for ſeveral Days very 'well behaved; and further your ſaid Officer 'ſaith not.


## *ADVERTISEMENTS.*

The third Day.
For the Benefit of the Author.
By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane; this preſent Monday, being the 10th of November, will be preſented a new Play call'd the Succeſsful Stranger. By Her Majeſty's Command no Perſons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Wedneſday next, being the 12th of November, will be preſented an Opera called The Triumph of Love. Being a choice Collection of Muſick compoſed by Scarlatti, Bononcini, Albinoni, Cæſarini, Gaſperini, and ſeveral other the moſt celebrated Italian maſters. Boxes 8 s. Pit 5 s. Gallery 2 s. 6 d. Boxes upon the Stage Half a Guinea. To begin exactly at 6 a Clock. No Perſon to ſtand upon the Stage.

This Day is publiſhed the Third Edition of,

A Poem to his Excellency the Lord Privy-Seal, on the Proſpect of PEACE. By Mr Tickell. Printed for J. Tonſon, at Shakeſpear's-Head, over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

This Day is publiſh'd,

A Taſte of Philoſophical Fanaticiſm, in ſome Speculations upon the four firſt Chapters of Mr Green's Principles of natural Philoſophy. By a Gentleman of the Univerſity of Gratz in Germany; an humble Servant to the new Theory of Reflection and Refraction, and a Well-willer to the Spectacle Manufacture; upon the Newtonic Syſtem. With a Tripartite Dedication, to the Cambridge Sophs; Mr. Green; and a Refinement upon His to my L. T. Tranſlated from the Original. Printed for J. Morphew near Stationers Hall. Price 1 s.

The Volatile Cleanſer and Strengthener of the Reins, an Elixir, which brings away viſibly by the Urine all Relicks of Secret Injuries, ſcowring the Reins of all Foulneſs, Filth, Slime, or Matter that obſtructs the free Paſſage of the Urine, cauſes Sharpneſs of it, or too frequent Occaſions to make it; Stranguries, Ulcers, &c. tho' of the longeſt Date, known by Pain and Weakneſs of the Back, Threads, Skins, Films or Hairs flying about, or Matter ſettling at the Bottom of the Urine, its ſtrong Smell, &c. than which nothing is more common after ill Cures. It not only cleanſes, but alſo after a peculiar manner moſt powerfully ſtrengthens the Reins, recovers their loſt Tone, and brings all thoſe Parts and Paſſages into their right Order in both Sexes. Price half a Guinea a Bottle, with Directions ſeal'd up, which is generally enough to cure any one Perſon. To be had at Mr. Lawrence's Toy-ſhop, at the Griffin, the Corner Shop of Bucklersbury in the Poultry.



*LONDON*: Printed for *S. Buckley* and *J. Tonſon*, and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*.


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